

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



“LET THERE

BE LIGHT.”

VOL. VI.

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OUR greatest inspirations often come to us when we are least expecting them.

PERSONS who can not or dare not think for themselves never make any progress.

As the gentle shower is to the growing plant, so is meditation to the spirit's growth.

He who strives to excuse himself for a wrong act is but paving the way for another of the same.

He who prays toward one purpose and acts toward another is apt to defeat the accomplishment of both.

WHAT we receive in this world as being true should always be subject to amendment as we progress higher and higher.

WHEN we learn a duty and do not perform it, we but add fuel to the flame of trouble that burns within us.

THOSE who are constantly asking themselves, “What will people think of me?” are simply worshiping the idol of public opinion.

MEDIUMS are the instruments whose finely strung natures are such as to render them sensitive to the slightest touch of angel fingers.

IF we want rays of light to radiate from us we must think, speak and act things that will shine. These are the first steps in Spiritualism.

LOOKING not upon other people's faults but upon our own will assist us greatly to “love our neighbor as ourself” which is a foundation principle of Spiritualism.

DAME FASHION has a wonderful power in this world. It is fashionable to be a member of church, but it is not so fashionable to be spiritually minded. It is in fashion to be born again of water baptism, but not so fashionable to be born again of the spirit. This latter means humiliation, self-denial and pure purpose which is good Spiritualism, but it is not fashionable.

THE little pulpy mass that is thrown out as a blossom from a coral reef floats to another part of the ocean and there sinks carrying with it the life-principle to grow another coral reef, which will rise to the surface of the ocean. So the nebular mass of floats in space till, coming under the control of positive and negative forces, it commences to grow a new planet.

THE science of astronomy was all written in the starry firmament when the Chaldeans of old watched their flocks by night; chemistry in the gases; botany in the floras; zoology in the animal kingdom, and geology in the earth's strata. Science is the translation into the ideal of what exists in the material world. The observer

compiles and systematizes facts in maps, sections and diagrams that are drawn to a scale and can be comprehended by reason and, as it were, transfers the attributes of forms of matter to the domain of art; and science is perfect in proportion as it is correctly translated, the rule being, the more facts the more science.

THE MISSION OF MEDIUMS.

The mission performed by mediums is a grand one; and instead of feeling ashamed of their powers, as too many are prone to do, they should consider themselves the highly favored instruments of the spirit world. All human beings are mediumistic to some degree, but comparatively few ever really succeed as test mediums; therefore, all should devote a part of their time to the development of these qualities. The question is often asked, Why is it that mediums are led astray? We think it is because of a partial development, and no undeveloped or partially developed mediums should give seances alone. Some relative or friend should be with them to protect both from spirit and mortal rudeness. If the truth were known they are ‘more sinned against than sinning.’

Let mediums be taught the grandeur of the gift they possess, and the necessity of leading a pure life and casting aside all that would be a detriment to them and the noble cause of Spiritualism. Mediums are the world's saviors, and they alone hold the mystic key of spirit communion. They are deserving of the deepest respect; and great mediumistic power coupled with a pure life should be revered.

Words are too poor to express the boundless possibilities of future work to be accomplished through media. The grandest achievements known to history have been the work of spirit power through mediums, who were insulted, re-

viled, cast into dungeons, deprived of their liberty and life itself taken from them by the very ones who were benefited by revelations from spirit land. Jeanne D'Arc, the wonderfully endowed medium of France, was repaid by King Charles, who was brought to the throne through her powers of clairaudience, and faith in her spirit inspirers, with cowardly desertion. And too many mediums of the present day are embittered and refuse to yield to their guides, because their gifts have been used by others for selfish purposes, casting the instrument aside on the accomplishment of their avaricious ends.

Mediums have been the rulers through all time, and although many sank by the wayside, others were waiting to take their places. Napoleon Bonaparte was an instrument, through his overweening ambition, for bold and warlike spirits to control; but he was a very stubborn one, and could count his losses only when he failed to comply with the will of his masters. When he rebelled against their influence, as he undoubtedly did in the divorce from Josephine, the beginning of the end was at hand. From that unnatural act dates the downfall of the "little Corporal." Josephine, also, was doubtless a medium, and through her impressional sensitiveness came a great amount of Napoleon's success. His grand medial gifts were used for his own aggrandizement, and the end was exile and death. His mission was the good of France; but through his desire to be the greatest conquerer the world ever knew, he made a failure at last. Rachel, the great actress, was but another example of the control spirit wields over mortals.

So long as mediums endeavor to accomplish the work given them by their spirit helpers they will succeed; but the moment they throw aside spirit impression their downfall begins. They should be fearless, then, in their work; they should be honest with themselves. Their mission will then unfold itself hour by hour and the way will be made so plain that they cannot falter or fail. Not with fife and drum and the clashing of arms is life's battle fought, but with the steady, onward march of progress, tramping error and its forces in the dust. Mediums are the vast army that is now marching against the enemy and the very sight of so many determined foes to invasion against the rights of others causes the opposers to yield from sheer fright, without the firing of a single gun. Onward, upward, never retrograding, is the motto of the new era and its advocates.

For Light in the West.

SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

BY DELAVAN DE VOE.

STANZA XII.

The elements good and evil,
Light and shade, positive and negative,
And cause and effect, synonyms in degree,
Effects corresponding, lordly designed,
The great first cause directing,—laws which
The Medium King in nowise could destroy,
But sought by this internal light the grand
Fulfillment; thus to elevate mankind,
The spirits, groveling of earth, odious to light,
Forsaking. In human hearts he sought to plant
The tree of love, to grow and bloom therein
And to mature into empyrean fruit,
To feed all famishing souls: they to renounce
Their forlorn hopes, in matter, pernicious,
By the lowest spirits advanced.

Aspiring souls eager for light and truth,
Clung closely to their guide; much rev'rence shew'd
The Prince of Peace. Conjoin'd freely they drank
From the flowing cup nectar that contained
The draught of immortality.

By laws bound down to earth, oppressive laws,
High priests and kings imposed, the law of love
Dethroned, quenching the spark Divine design'd
By God the spirits of matter to assuage,
And kindle the spirit of love to glow
With fervent heat, rendering unto dross
All grosser matter.

The spirits of earth the Medium King
Denied, condemned and by his will divine
Held forth the law of love to man, by heav'n given,
A lodge for weary hearts to rest,
And for the highest aspirations of the soul.
To Him no terror was the monster Death,
The dread of mortals dumb to higher being;
His mission to inscribe upon the hearts
Of earth the law of Heaven, and to proclaim
By voice aloud, the higher life immortal—
This being done the great change came.

Exasperate, the lower elements wrangled
O'er the deserted tomb.
The God's of earth, in luxury and ease
Admitting no higher plane determined
The law of Heaven void, and 'gainst the truth—
As stumbling-blocks they stood, Omnipotence
Denying, and he who taught that living
For Mammon is loss, but to live for love
Is gain. Unto this day, sad thought but true,
The priests and kings unto mankind deny
The right to reason as to future life;
Claiming inspiration special, presume
A mortal conquest over forms immortal;
In darkness wrangle as to power of creeds
Olden waxed and useless, mutable hopes
For the weary souls of earth.
Where light and truth should shine with glory given
Dim shadows fall, aspiring souls obedient,
Checked by laws forecast in darker ages,
Empty are turned away. Hence, they exclaim:
Give out the corn of life;
The musty creeds are dry.
Henceforth, the spirit of light unfold,
Dogmas worn out lay by.

There is no power to save
Without man's ritual strong;
Binding souls from birth to grave,
Is but a painful thong—
To mortals doomed to serve
The powers of hopes and fears,
With no other light to illumine the night
Of death, when it appears.

For Light in the West.

SPIRITUAL SPECULATIONS—REVIEW.

BY JOHN CUNINGHAM.

PART II.

The True Point—Jesuit Influence—Light for Thinkers—Henry Kiddle.

Whatever may be the nature or quality of the material universe, it does not pertain to my inquiry now to discuss. That inquiry addresses itself to the existence and psychic attributes of the higher and dominant spirit-universe. To those who content themselves with the conviction (the guerdon of *their* fullest soul-aspiration!) that matter is the all in all of existence and its ends, I will leave the satisfactions which they may find in the sensual imaginings which suit their kind of spiritual revelings. What man may observe or conclude in regard to the nature or meaning of **LIFE** in himself or around him, whether in the vegetable or the animal sphere, both my intuition and my reason tell me that it is one phase of the expression or manifestation of spirit in action on and through earthy organisms. It is intelligent spirit (no other presumable or adequate cause exhibits itself,) which produces **Evolution**, if there is evolution, in the inherencies or the forms or the objective purports of matter.

This is the *file* which I present to the critical teeth of those gnawing materialists, (self-styled Spiritualists), who exclude all but matter; and who, when *their* *imaginings* have sublimated some of this matter into a fancied power, permit it to lead them into **Pantheism**—the doctrine that the whole material universe is a god.

I was somewhat amazed when I first ascertained, to the extent of an assured belief, that Jesuit spirits, eager to cast a slur upon Spiritualism and to thereby contravene its endangerment to Romanism and mundane ecclesiastic domination, contrived actively to *impress* unguarded or uncultured *mediumistics*, and caused them to write illogical, spurious stuff as spiritual meanings, (such as have for years filled many columns of *Light for Thinkers*), so glossed over as to deceive or mislead similar *Spiritists*, but which when analyzed by educated worldlings would disgust them. These Jesuit "controls" do not hesitate to partially obsess where they can; and they have not hesitated to fill the minds of their victims with materialistic theories to be rendered as explanations of spiritual phenomena and philosophy. They have concerted with Materialists to invade and penetrate the camp

of Spiritualism, (it was within the spiritual power), and, if possible, to control it.

This class of Materialists are the parties who set up "Nature" as a god; and who deny the existence of a personal God or the divine prototype of the spiritual-universe—the Omniscent and Omnipotent, not of Dagon's temple, but of the Temple of the Spirit-Spheres! Where is there in any universe the fancy Museum of idealistic curiosities, in which can be shown to man, in any shape to be intuitively or rationally recognized by his spirit or noted by sentient perceptions, any specimens of "sublimated matter"! Yet these parties speak and write as if they had them in general abundance in realistic shapes for man's examination.

Untrained *ideality* will not do, nor will *conceit* and *deceit* avail, nor will *selfish borrowing* sustain, in Spiritualism; its truths are adamantine, and cannot be *guessed* or *moulded*. Its revelations require all the tests of absolute experience and mathematical reasoning; and because they are of the Great Absolute in a state of Activity! And they come through all existent channels. There must be a Designer who works with agencies and materials—and these imply both Spirit and Matter. Have the analogues of the universe no significance, nor do they illustrate the *active* and the *passive* or (to be more scientific) *action* and *reaction*?

Some of this class of materialists, also, claim they have *Intuition* (my essay explains the consciousness and perception which are primitive and inherent with spirit as an intelligence, and apart from either incarnation or excarnation); and that their sublimated *material* intuitions (God save the mark!) cause them to reject the *immateriality* of the spirit. One of these dialecticians (a professor of *cacoethes scribendi*, whose hundreds of column-scribbles in *Light for Thinkers*, have fully advertised him as a flutterer in all manner of spiritual speculations), goes further and "boldly" lately, and presumed to affirm that such intuition springs from the harmonial physical Love in Nature (material universe,) and that it is superior to the "Intellectual," however informed. And, still more, he hints that he himself having such kind of intuition, is as a medium, (he is one of a certain forlorn class), superior to any *intellectual* medium, however educated; and he, having at last repudiated the *immateriality* of *spirit-intelligence*, insinuates, yes avers, that he, although of the "unintelligent," is,

through such intuition, of higher authority as to the theory of the universe than any intellectual or mental medium—assuming that the latter has no intuition at all or even Love's inspiration. This Joab's "arrogance" or love is cool—but does he think that he is better off from being of the *un-intelligent* or from his "instinct" being of the *material*, in his entirety? And he has lately stumbled into the *Space* theory of "Jean Story."

This theory is another of the variant materialistic postulates; and somewhat to my surprise it has grappled upon the logical (?) acumen or rather verbal cunning of Henry Kiddle, who says, in *LIGHT IN THE WEST* of Sept. 18th last, "The question "of the materiality or immateriality of "spirit, as I think I have shown, depends "upon its relation to *space*, and must be "discussed from that standpoint." This assertion scarcely comports with his remark in same article that he was "disposed to believe that spirit is *not* matter." And in his criticism on Part first, "Spirit and Matter," of my essay, he displayed a yearning strain of verbalism to distort or becloud my meanings; indulged in a materialistic argument to contravene them; and averred that "the words *space* and *matter* express only correlative conceptions." Yet he did not believe his own argument; nor do I. And yet it may be that he, like Morse, Kates, Davis and others who have slipped from the camp of Materialism into that of Spiritualism or from the latter to the former, as circumstances or popularity or mental reversions may suggest, is now himself retrograding. The sensuous is ever the popular side; and it has largely swayed man in all ages away from the influence of a spiritual mind and its discipline; and men, who are *illogical* either by nature or from want of education, are readily drawn into its miry sloughs. And because I have expressed some indignation at the teachings of such *versatiles* or *illogicals*, and in behalf of the great *CAUSE OF PRESENT HUMAN EDUCATION*, I have been charged with the disposition to employ "objurgations," and with not having discussed my subject "with the coolest and most impersonal logic." [Well—the subject is *psychic*, persons are *psychic* and personal dialectics furnish the *psychic* salt with which to season the dish of discussion. Did Mr. Kiddle, when a Jesuite, never objurgate an opponent by the epithet *infidel*, in order to neutralize his psychological influence? Men have been so largely affected by *psychic* objur-

gations, that materialism—a sort of personal stupor—needs to be psychologized.] Our "philosophical inquiry" should be *spirited*—not so tense that it might suffer dry-rot from want of readers. Yet Materialism is to be permitted to affront all the intellectual comprehensions and spiritual emotions of the soul of man, by sheer *illogical negations* or by cold-blooded affirmations of idealisms, unsupported by any proof, physical or spiritual, or which appeals to either conscience or reason—and all this now done with even the bigotry of partisanship. Let what Paine, after nearly a century in the spirit sphere, said lately through Mrs. Richmond, and published in *LIGHT IN THE WEST*, admonish us on what Materialism claims and does, in society, church and state, and on how mankind is to meet it.

The motto of *Light for Thinkers* was: "There is nothing outside of Nature"—it was born under that flag-motto of Materialism. It dropped it, to get under piebald colors; but its owner, editor and active contributors stoutly propagate that *spirit is matter*, despite intuition and the dictionary—and it calls itself the Southern spiritual organ, to the horror of southern sentiment and Spiritualism. The primal definition of "Nature," by lexicographers, is: the *visible* creation. It is usual for writers of every kind to employ the term as indicative of the material universe—in that sense A. J. Davis used it. But it has come to be understood that it includes, also, those physical elements which are usually *invisible*; and, also, what some call the "imponderables," but which are now *known* to be subject to the law of gravitation. *Space* is defined to be: extension in all directions; and it is used in application to its occupancy by Nature as the physical universe—it serves solely to indicate the extension which matter or mass has, however thin or invisible it may be. In this view, Mr. Kiddle mistakes, in affirming that the question of the materiality or immateriality of spirit depends upon its relation to *space*. Spirit is *suic eneris*; and in essence it has no relation to mass or its occupancy. Yet, in due course soon, I will meet the assumption, set up by himself and others, on the ground upon which he has put it.

Human language is so largely materialistic—so full of comparisons, allusions and "figures of speech" drawn from physical elements—that it is almost impossible to make a lingual exposition of spiritual ideas or meanings without smirching or

confusing them by materialistic significances. Mr. Kiddle lessened himself by misapplying or affecting to misunderstand some of the expressions of my meanings; I do not revoke or alter any of them, although the *typos* made some omissions of words and some mis-punctuations in both journals. And he evaded notice of the intrinsic forces of my various arguments.

A spirit gave me this formulated apothegm and caution, which I have published on various occasions, and which I have borne in mind: "It is not for mankind to discuss the origin of the universe or the essence of the Divine Intelligence." I must credit Mr. A. J. Davis with the fact that he kept his large mass of "materialistic-spiritualism," pervading his many books, strictly within the province of "Nature"—that "Beloved Nature," which he hoped would be his "eternal teacher." Yes, within its domain—for at various times he distinctly affirmed that Nature was secondary and subordinate to a and the Supreme Divine Mind, which he styled God, and as I do. But the other advocates of the sublimated materiality of spirit, and of such theories as the Spacial, make Nature the only god, and repudiate a Divine Mind as a personal Most High Spirit, or as an Oversoul.

Mr. Kiddle and I do not disagree, as he affects to infer, on the proposition that neither man nor an excarnated spirit does or can *know* what is the primal *essence* of either spirit or matter. The argument I submitted was only addressed to what were the meanings of what appeared to be the differences in their respective manifestations, indicating distinct separate essences and functions—including such varieties as made *duality* at least requisite to their displays; and I gave the announcements of spirit-friends on the subjects, and declared my own inferences as to the qualities and relations of those essences. Spiritualism, by its very virtue, authorizes Spiritualists and mediums to declare: "Thus saith the Spirit." We do not declare such spirit either "Lord" or "God." Mr. Kiddle's twit about this is as pointless or erroneous as some other of his criticisms.

Spiritualism is a dispensation to supplement and add to all that man has been previously enabled of himself to acquire of knowledge, and to teach mankind more and wherein and as to what man cannot teach man. All men are but pupils; and the more they now *know* the better fitted they are to receive and comprehend the instruction and information which advanced spirit-teachers can impart to them

Human education may be arrogant, but human ignorance is more so, however it may affect either reticence or humility; the more a man knows the more he sees how little he knows, and the more he has learned the more capable he is of acquiring what is before him to be achieved, both in the physical and spiritual. The assumption that spiritual or other knowledge, or any imparting as to either religion or philosophy, can best come and be propounded through *ignoramus* or dolts and the thoughtless—an assumption which puts aside Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Euclid and all their glorious successors, thinkers and scientists of all degrees—is sheer nonsense. That parties who have not studied the physical sciences or any professional learning, nor mathematics, nor any branches of philosophy, nor history and human nature and affairs, nor political, ecclesiastical, legal, moral and social theorems and policies nor have genius, are to be set up or to set themselves up as the best eclectic teachers of mankind or as the best mediums for impartings from above to man, is another sheer pretension; and it is too widely repudiated by the common sense of mankind and among Spiritualists, and by advanced and sincere spirits, to be tolerated in enlightened communities. That the education of man is to be left to "the babes and sucklings" of ignorance—a proposition directly opposite to any claim or respectability of intellectual and spiritual freedom—is preposterous. If persons and papers arrogate these assumptions and pretensions, they can but be alluded to and reproved for their balderdash. Yet Henry Kiddle appears to take their side; and he has even reproached me, in his passages as to the possible immortal enlightenment of material spirits, (which has no connection with the probable indestructibility of mere matter), for my protest and denunciation against the *dogmas* of those whose materialistic propensities have led them (such as *Light for Thinkers* and other such ilk), to scoff the immateriality of the very Omniscience of the Supreme Divine Mind!

Apropos—of Prof. Kiddle. I was residing (a temporary citizen) in the city of New York, and Mr. A. J. Davis was near or in it, when Mr. Kiddle, then Superintendent of its public schools, published a book—what purported to be a spiritual book. I have never seen it. Among the Spiritualists it was soon widely reported—I personally heard the rumored statement again and again—that Andrew Jackson

Davis, held as a spiritual oracle, freely in conversations pooh-poohed the book, and deplored its publication, because its crudities and misconceptions were likely to misrepresent and cloud Spiritualism and to produce prejudices against it. Yet we rallied to the support of Mr. Kiddle against popular vituperation on account of his publication of the book while in his official position, and stood our ground successfully on the vantage of every citizen's civil right to his opinion and its expression. But, yet, also, we did not blame Mr. Davis for his criticism on and condemnation of the contents of the book. Mr. Kiddle can make the application; and also Davis in turn.

And now Henry Kiddle, who a year or two ago was appointed by an associated set of Spiritualists in New York, to be a special defender of Spiritualism against outside assailants and detractors—and he accepted the functions of the appointment—has additionally made himself very conspicuous throughout the United States, in the assumed role of critic-Master General to and over all the armies of writers, and, also, Spiritualists and mediums. And is he a medium—I think not! And what more right had he to reproach me, than I Davis and *Light for Thinkers*? Readers at large can make the application.

There will be a Part III as my next, and probably last, under my general heading.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 22nd, 1886,

PERSECUTION OF THE ALBIGENSIS.

I cannot follow historically the blood-stained footsteps of the most hideous Sammael, or Death-angel, that ever, keeping time to the cry of human suffering, marched over sweltering hills of human carnage. Half-blinded by the blood-mists that rise up from the chasm of the centuries that lie between Then and Now, I dimly descry the outlines of the slaughter of the million men who perished in the Albigensian war alone. Over the huge holocaust of rotten rags, shreds and strings of putrid flesh, whitening bones, and rusting swords, I gaze into the mythic heaven and fabled hell, and asked what in the one was to be hoped for, what in the other was to be feared, to warrant this colossal sacrifice on the altar of Ruin and Death. Huge heap of pestilence, death glaring eyes, and wriggling worms, whatever heaven what was immortal of you may have reached, you have left a hell behind you. All around you for miles the fire-burnt and blood-slaked earth is echoing with the cry of the widow and the fatherless. There the wolf is tearing the sleeve and flesh from the arm that should have earned bread for the orphan that is perishing. There the raven is rending away from the grinning teeth the lips of the

youth that, in the moonlight streaming through the myrtle, should, to the maid of his choice, have whispered of love. Freethought is buried under a mountain of corpses; incipient Protestantism is drowned in blood. The Albigensians have perished under the "Holy Office" of the Inquisition, and the South of France is a hideous Gehenna. A million men have perished on the battle-field and scaffold, and millions of the unarmed are left to mourn for them and die of hunger. Southern France was a Paradise; but, from that baleful hill near Jerusalem, the shadow of the Cross was flung athwart the welkin, and there was nothing but the apples of Gomorrah growing among the cinders of Tophet. The Prince of Peace, who came not to bring peace, but a sword, had brought the sword and fleshed it to the hilt. The air was hot with burning cities and pestilent with the stench of corpses. The unripened harvest was trampled in the dust, torn out of root by the feet of men in the death-grapple, and, ever and anon, wet with a rain redder than the heavens ever gave forth. In the abomination of desolation the starving mother with her dying child sought the field where the olive had grown, and where, from the vine tendrils, the bunches of the grapes had hung, that, with the juice, she might moisten the lips of her dying babe. She found vine and olive uprooted and withered and scorched and blasted, while among their tangles lay rotting the horse and his rider: and mother and child sank down beside them to share with them the commonwealth of death. And all this for thee, and in thy name, O terrible Galilean!—*Saladin, in "The Inquisition."*

BOSTON LETTER.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

I mail you to-day a Sunday *Globe*, or perhaps part of one, that has a rather interesting *account of some mind reading experiments, which may interest you from the character of the people who endorse the entertainment. The well remembered W. Irving Bishop was the experimenter. It is rather surprising that so many great and small celebrities could have been gathered by an invitation of that kind. They are of the class, however, that would not have responded to the invitation of any spiritual medium, even the most celebrated, they would have been afraid of their reputation by making any low-alliances, such as Modern Spiritualism has to offer. There were no pronounced Spiritualists at this gathering—not one. There were one or two who were friendly to it, but they were of the Nicodemus kind. But with what alacrity the *savants* and the reverends respond when it is from the opposition! No better men could be selected for reliability,—for the community to take unquestioned their report,—than the gen-

lemen asked to serve as the active committee to take charge of the dynamical part of the entertainment. There were the Reverend clergymen, James Freeman Clarke, Brookes, Hereford and Minot J. Savage, the cream of the Boston pulpit. Then for literators there were T. W. Higginson, F. B. Aldrich and Oliver Wendell Holmes (the last declined to serve not, however, from any repugnance). In addition to these were, Hugh O'Brien, mayor of the city, and ex-Mayor Green; making as good a committee as the city could produce, and that is saying a great deal. This fact makes the proceeding worthy of notice, particularly as it was a success.

There seems to be a great desire on the part of some of our very distinguished people to settle the "dawning light" of Modern Spiritualism as *mind reading* or mind transference. Take any form, they seem to say, but that of spirit return. I suppose there was hardly one present, certainly not one of that distinguished committee, but theologically believes in the immortality of the soul, sentimentally if not sensuously; why, then, are they so anxious to prove anything but the sensuous establishment of that fact. It is certainly one of the curiosities of religious human nature.

Modern Spiritualism has come, and one of those in the above committee has said: "It is a fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of our modern life;" but the leading celebrities are blind to it. A bright intuitive woman writes "Gates Ajar," and speaks of the "psychical wave" now rolling in upon us, and the rose by another name smells sweet to them. *Psychical* societies are formed, ostensibly to investigate this tidal wave, but their whole aim is to squelch it, prove it to be an illusion and they catch at any other possible solution: "mind transference" is attracting their chief attention as the probable solvent. They seem to consider the mind as one of the attributes of matter! How little attention such societies give to phenomena that touch upon disembodied intelligence; how attractive any reports or dissertations are, when in opposition to the claims of Spiritualism! and how such reports, like Mrs. Sedgewick's, are riddled by expert Spiritualists; yet such societies in their body politic do not seem to be aware of it. Some Spiritualists among them seem to have no influence and are hardly made at home there, and the wisest and best keep aloof from them, feeling sure that there is no honest intention in

them and they will never amount to anything.

It is most evident to any one who reads the account of this gathering at the invitation of Bishop, that it was a success. Well, what does it prove? That under some conditions the mind of one reaches, or senses, the mind of another. The fact seems to be a pointer to Spiritualism, not against it, because made by the soul, not the body. How very common it is for spirits to answer mental questions; what is that but mind reading? I could relate experiences of my own with mediums equal to and surpassing the doings of Bishop. Who knows but that Bishop is a medium and his control is the factor; just as the exposé Baldwin, with his aliases, is a medium (he admits it and I have proved him so), but he sees more money and reputation in opposing than in favoring our cause. That he is right from a worldly point of view, is proved by the alacrity with which the celebrities of this day worther at his invitation; while if he had claimed that his guide or control through him would answer mental questions, these celebrities would not have hove in sight; but all those who believe this is a spiritual rather than a material universe will see through all this vapor into the reality beyond, or to quote from Thoreau—

"A man who looks on glass
On it may stay his eye;
Or through it let his vision pass,
And all the heavens spy."

There are a great many things to say on spiritual matters in a letter from Boston, at the present time; but I will not attempt to do so in this letter as I intended it for a brief one. I will close it with a notice of Mrs. Ross, the materializing medium, who has just located in this city and is giving about six seances a week. She is very popular and well patronized, almost overflowing. Well, she deserves to be and that is the reason why I am going to write about her,—not to advertize her, she does not need that, but for the sake of letting distant people, Spiritualists everywhere, know that she seems to have met the wishes of investigators by the simplicity of her method and conditions. One of the disabilities of this phase is, or has been, suspicious arrangements, not only convenient for the practice of fraud, but frauds have occurred—spirits being grabbed that proved to be the medium. Any suggestions in the line of carelessness have often been resisted by the mediums as implying doubts of their honesty, and any request

for better conditions has disturbed the harmony of this circle, or such has been the claim (I could never see how, or why, when done in the interest of truth). Yet it is notorious that mediums have been sensitive on the point, and their notions have been put up with sometimes when the investigator has good reason to consider it affectation to cover deficiencies. There has been great improvement during the past few years and the best mediums have simplified conditions very much and they have also submitted to test conditions and under them I have been made absolutely certain that the forms have been spirit manifestations; still, from the necessities of the case, the majority of patrons have been more or less obliged to take the testimony of those who had had these test conditions. That is the reason I have testified to so often and so strongly, that the phase was a fact and not a fraud. I have always been charitable to sceptics, for I would have been one myself but for my privileges; and I think the honest seekers after this truth have rights that both spirits and mediums are in duty bound to respect.

Mrs. Ross has met this want and every one who attends her seance is absolutely certain under ocular demonstration that he is witnessing in these forms spirit and not mortal manifestations. She has a very simple, tasty curtain arranged in a corner of her parlor; the east and south walls of it forming two sides of a triangle, the curtain when down being the hypotenuse, and the little triangular space of about six feet square is her sanctum during the seance, called for form's sake a cabinet, but any one can see by this statement, that there is no approximation to a cabinet. The papered walls of this enclosure are solid and whole; any one has a right to inspect them and it is thoroughly done, though it needs no inspection. The curtain is dropped when the seance is about to begin, and the medium enters the enclosure. Every body knows she is the I will not, however, attempt it, as such accounts are apt to be monotonous. I will close with an incident that was interesting to me, and was to the seance, where it occurred when I stated the fact. My son who passed on about a year ago, often comes to me, and at Mrs. Ross' seance in quite a natural looking manner and I feel? (so does his mother, my wife), that it is really he. He does not say a great deal,—says he will by and bye. I think he is not so much of a success mentally as he is physi-

only occupant and knows so all the time because all eyes are on guard; and it is noticeable all the time that the curtain does not extend to the sliding door of the other room, the white moulding between being always in sight. All this requires no testimony or faith, all see for themselves that it is honest. They may have doubts sometimes as to who the forms are, and perhaps take the affirmations of personality *cum grano salis*, but no one will question the fact of their being spirit manifestations and not personations or confederates,—not personations, for often two and sometimes four, spirits come out at a time, not confederates, for there is no possible connection with the corner except through the curtain on which all eyes are fixed. Male, female and children's forms come out, sometimes babies in adult spirits' arms. The latter are an interesting feature; I have examined the babies and children several times and can assure the reader that they are living flesh and blood ones, and are not rags or dummies.

A detailed account of one or any of Mrs. Ross' seances would be interesting, and I might say that of these "strange visitors" generally. When he came the other day, after a few affectionate remarks he said to us, "Do not go, I will come again." He retired behind the curtain, and in a second or two returned and the first thing he said was, "Mother, Father has got all my clothes on, has he not?" That was a good test; for my son was of my height and form, and his clothes naturally became part of my wardrobe. I at that moment had on a full suit of his, including his linen shirt and collar, and had also in my pockets two wallets he used to carry. I was hardly aware of the extent I was then dressed in his clothes until his remarks called my attention to it. I am sure no one in the room knew or suspected such a thing. After what I said at the beginning of this article about "mind transference," the spirits may have known the fact, but I think out of the possibilities, and there are only two, I am warranted in taking the most probable one and that is, that the spirit knew his own clothes.

JOHN WETHERBEE.
November 29, 1886.

Queries: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the first time he ever visited Theodore Parker the scholarly reputation of the young preacher, then not quite thirty years old, had not reached him. "In looking around his library," says Dr. Holmes, "I saw upon his shelves the great series of quartos—which I

knew by their title only, if at all—Brucker's *Historia Critica Philosophæ*. 'You have hardly read that, I suppose,' I said, not thinking that any student, in these degenerate days, grappled with these megatherial monsters of primitive erudition. 'Oh, yes, I have,' he answered very quietly; and then I, who thought I was dealing with a modest young divine of the regulation pattern, took another look at the massive head of the young man, whom Wendell Phillips has spoken of as the 'Jupiter of the pulpit.'

MOSTLY LIES.

Said Jones: "I hardly ever ride,
For crowded cars I can't abide,
And carriages I do despise—
I am so fond of exercise."

"I bring my lunch," said Smith,
"For noisy restaurants I hate
Besides, I'd spoil my appetite
For dinner when I'm home at night."

Said Brown: "I'm tough; I never wear
An overcoat. I do declare
I do not feel the cold like those
Half frozen chaps weighed down with clothes."

"I never touch cigars," Green spoke;
"They're made of stuff unfit to smoke;
For healthfulness or comfort ripe,
Give me my fragrant brier pipe."

And so we all apologize
And make excuses—mostly lies—
Because we dare not say, with sense,
We go without to save expense.

—X.

TWENTY YEARS IN A TRANCE.

N. Y. World: In a three-story brown-stone front in Brooklyn lives Miss Mollie Fancher. It was she who twelve years ago attracted universal attention as a mind-reader. Her history is out of the ordinary and has a tinge of sadness in it. Over twenty years ago she was one of the most promising and bright pupils of Prof. West's Academy on Montague street. She was then young, pretty and vivacious. There was nothing, however, in her appearance that would indicate that she possessed such wonderful powers as were afterwards developed through several accidents. She at that time did not know that she possessed such extraordinary gifts.

One day when she was out horseback riding, the animal became frightened and she was thrown to the ground, seriously injured. She recovered from the effects of the fall only to meet with a more serious accident which crippled her for life. She was stepping from a horse-car when her dress became entangled in the step. The car started and she was dragged over half a block. She was taken to her home unconscious. The accident brought on nervous prostration and other diseases which caused her intense agony for many months. For several days she was in a trance and had all the appearance of a corpse. The doctors believed her to be lifeless. She finally recovered, but an awful change had taken place. The beautiful young girl was transformed to a distorted and crippled woman. She was blind and her lower limbs were twisted out of shape. Her hands were held at the back of her head and her arms could be moved only with great difficulty. It was then that she displayed her remarkable power of mind-reading. A certain physician had a valuable set of surgical instruments stolen from him. While pondering

over the robbery he called on Miss Fancher. As he came in her room she said: "Doctor, I am really sorry for your loss, but trust that you will soon recover the instruments." He was taken by surprise at Miss Fancher's divining his thoughts. No one had spoken to her about the robbery.

Miss Fancher was offered a fortune by Barnum to display her powers in public. She refused. She is now a middle-aged, pleasant lady, living with her aunt, Miss Crosby. She has recovered the use of her hands and retains her power of mind-reading, and stated the other day that although her eyes are closed she can see as well as most people in possession of their sight. Her history would fill volumes and would be of great interest, but many Brooklynites are still familiar with the accounts of her powers that appeared in the papers a number of years ago.

KANSAS CITY LETTER.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

The Spiritualists are inaugurating a good work here. The society has secured the services of G. H. Brooks, trance speaker, and hopes to interest the people to the extent that they will be willing to still further investigate the claims of Modern Spiritualism. Dr. Brooks is also a psychometrist, and he gave some good tests last Sunday night as to the actual presence of our spirit friends.

The appointments for society and the mediums' work in different parts of the city stand as follows: Sunday nights, lecture and psychometric readings by Dr. Brooks, at Pythian Hall, corner Maine and W. Eleventh; Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, psychometric school, conducted by Sallie C. Scovell, 1031 Maine street; Thursday evenings, social gathering at the society's room, G. Y. Smith Block; Friday nights, social reception at Mrs. Scovell's rooms; Saturday nights, choir meeting at Dr. Brook's room, 211 E. Thirteenth street; Sunday mornings, children's Lyceum meets at 1031 Main street. I give this in full and the places held, so that any of our St. Louis friends visiting our city may consider themselves especially invited to visit the friends here at the addresses given.

Mrs. Lizzie Fulton deserves great credit as the reviving power by which this work has been instituted. Feeling that it was necessary that the spiritual work should progress in a city the size of this she offered her rooms for the use of the friends until they could make arrangements for a large one. The officers of the society met there, and with other friends present the society was reorganized and formed into a working body: so from that small beginning it has been enabled to arrive at its present outlook for a grand work this winter. Mrs. Fulton is a medium of considerable merit and her influences have assisted in the good work both by advice

and controlling their mediums to do the right thing at the right time.

We have a number of good mediums that are lending their aid: Mrs. H. F. Saunders, healing medium; Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Randall, psychometric and healing, are all doing a work for the cause that will be remembered in the future. Several new mediums, developing, are possessed of wonderful powers and bid fair to give added interest to investigations now instituted. Miss Carrie La Motte, a trance and good test medium, is pleasing all who hear her. Mrs. Emma Davis has developed psychometric mediumship in a flash, as it were; she is somewhat timid, yet she need not fear to read for skeptic as well as believer. The spirits have joined with mortals to confound the unbelievers and make them say, Lo, I went to laugh and jeer, but I came away with heart overflowing for the love of spirit return, and saying it was good to be there. So strong is the present outpouring of spirit here, that I feel as if I could preach a sermon; but will defer it until another time. May the magnetic current link our two cities together for a grand spiritual growth is our invocation.

Spiritually yours, S. C. S.

PRIZE STORIES.

The *Youth's Companion* maintains its reputation for publishing the best Serial and Short Stories, as well as striking stories of adventure. The next volum will contain the eight prize stories selected as the best from over 5,000 manuscripts sent in competition. The first Serial Story, to appear in January, will be "Blind Brother," in eight chapters, illustrated. Every one will want to read it. If \$1.75 is sent now, it will pay for the paper to January, 1880.

Bob Burdette: If we begin in New York to hang men who hate the law and defy it, and break it, we will run out of rope long before we get to Lake Michigan.

When a financier runs off to Canada with a million, the man whose little deposit of \$75 went to make up the million, becomes an Anarchist and wants to throw a bomb at somebody.

When a hungry man with a hungry wife and children is sent to jail for stealing a sack of flour, while the defaulting cashier is permitted to go free with one-half his stealings if he will give up the other half, the convict makes up his mind to set fire to a house as soon as he gets out.

The other day a reverend gentleman down in Las Vegas was showing the children in Sabbath school assembled, a beautiful chromo of early Christians being devoured in the lion's den. One little maid wept copiously. Said the gentleman, "Why weepest thou, little one?"

She replied, "Cause I'm sorry for the little lion in the corner that has no early Christian t' eat."

Voltaire: Philosophers never stood in need of Homer or the Pharisees to be convinced that everything is done by immutable laws, that everything is settled, that everything is a necessary effect of some previous cause.

A GEM FOR EVERY MONTH.

January.

By her who in this month was born
No gem save garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

February.

The Feby-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the amethyst will wear.

March.

Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

April.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds shall wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

May.

Who first beholds the light of day
In Spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June.

Who comes with Summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand
Can health, wealth, and long life command.

July.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then they will be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

August.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August-born without this stone
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

September.

A maiden born when Autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

November.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz' amber hue—
Emblems of friends and lovers true.

December.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue;
Success will bless you, whate'er you do.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

BY J. MADISON ALLEN.

Nature with her myriad voices
Sings the paens of Thy praise;
Learn, Oh! learn, ye list'ning mortals,
Why she breathes her gentle lays.

Come, Oh! come, ye weary watchers,
To the fount of Life divine!
Come and freely drink the waters
Flowing fresh from love sublime.

Ye who dwell 'mid earthly shadows,
Doubts and fears, Oh! learn to think
Death is but a door of exit,
Death is but a glorious brink—

But a brink from which ye're passing
Into life and joy eternal—
But a streamlet leaping o'er which
Reach ye ever love supernal!

Be ye then disheartened never,
Though the joys of life seem few;
Time will bring ye safely, surely,
To the joy that's ever new—

Ever new and bright and glorious,
Ever changing, ever sweet;
Love shall crown ye, lone earth wanderers,
Love shall crown ye, loved ones greet.

Yes! O, earth-friends, there's a haven
Sweeter far than earth secures,
Rich with love and harmony,
And the bliss, the peace, *endures—*

Endures forever! Flowers bright
Fill the air with balmy sheen;
Love and wisdom, truth and duty
Flood the soul with bliss, I ween.

Believe us, all is bright above us,
Dread not then the kiss of Death;
For the source of all is love,
Heaven restores the vital breath.

Be ye cheerful, no more tearful!
For the dawn of light is here;
And the loved ones gone before you,
Coming back their friends to cheer

Meet a hearty acclamation,
And a joyful recognition;
Heaven and earth are now united,
Hope is lost in its fruition!

Expressly for Light in the West.

DISCIPLINE.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

A Christmas Story.

In Seven Chapters.—Chapter I.

"And they said: Can any good come out of Nazareth? He answered: Come and see."

Every life has known, at some period of existence, that subtle and mysterious influence—that sudden and unaccountable exaltation of spirit—that thrills every nerve with rapture, and sends the warm life current bounding through the veins. To emotional and impressional natures it may be, and frequently is, the precursor of impending sorrow; as the depression of an undefinable sadness is sometimes the cloud that tempers the brightness of some

great and unexpected happiness.

Whatever the cause, the heart of Spencer Garton thrilled and overflowed with loving and tender emotions, as he threw open the windows of his cottage home, and looked out upon the picture fresh from the hand of Artist Nature.

"Christmas eve, sweet wife, and not a cloud upon the sky," he said, as he drew her to the open window.

The prosperous village of Weston lay amid broad and sweeping slopes of beautiful country, verdure crowned and clad in summer, and in winter jeweled like a monarch with the frost and ice crystals that wove their dazzling embroideries over the Hampshire hills, clear cut as steel against the deep blue sky. Just now the freshly fallen snow lay white and glistening over the undulating slopes, and draped tree and shrub in baptismal garments for the anniversary of the Christ Child.

Spencer Garton's pretty cottage with its brown mouldings and crimson curtains gave a dash of harmonious coloring to the glittering fields that rounded away terrace like, to the more imposing enclosures that bounded the stately mansions of Weston. Among these Swelton Blote's stood preminent.

Swelton Blote was the magnate of Weston, senior head of a firm that had amassed immense wealth. A man "self-made," he was fond of saying—self-made, self-kept, self-worshiped; caring for nothing outside of self. There were those who bluntly said they preferred men made by a proader pattern, with less of *Ego* and more humanity in the material,—but the fact remained, nevertheless, that Swelton Blote was the richest, consequently the most important, man in Weston. He was also Spencer Garton's employer; had paid him a liberal salary as chief and confidential clerk for seven years, and in return exacted duties difficult and arduous, but satisfactory. No unpleasantness had ever marred Garton's connection with the firm. They had found him faithful and diligent, upright in all his transactions, and true to their interests.

Garton had married a lovely, devoted wife, had a delightful little home nearly paid for, was blessed with excellent health, and all the future looked bright and hopeful, as his whole soul went out in thanksgiving and gratitude to the beneficent Father of all good, that cloudless and memorable morning.

"When Mr. Garton comes, send him to

my private office," said Mr. Blote to the messenger, "and see that I am not interrupted."

"All right, sir."

Spencer Garton on his way to the office was building air castles. By next Christmas eve—if he lived—the last instalment on his house would be paid, and Kate should have a new black silk and a fur cloak for a Christmas-present. And there were the Harper children, poor little souls, with no father to provide for them; how it would gladden his heart to buy them comfortable clothing for the winter. Oh, if he were only rich! And he gazed abstractedly at the imposing columns of Mr. Blote's mansion as he passed by with steady, swinging steps. "But God is good," he murmured thankfully, "and I must wait and hope."

Ushered into Mr. Blote's private office, he found that gentleman leisurely paring his nails.

"You wished to see me, sir?" he said, with his brisk, business air.

"Well, yes, take a seat. Perhaps you can explain these reports I am constantly hearing about witches dancing in the dark, table tipping, and all sorts of diabolism carried on at your house. I confess I am at loss to understand it; and such proceedings are not consistent with the duties required of an employer, by a respectable firm, you understand?"

"You surprise me," replied Garton, I know nothing of witches and diabolism, but if you wish to know if I am a Spiritualist, I answer yes."

"Oh, you are; you belong, then, to the vast army of long haired cranks—the great unwashed!—for I understand they are not over fond of water,"—and Mr. Blote laughed contemptuously.

Spencer rose from his chair. "Sir," he said, "you are my employer, and I owe you respect: but when in your ignorance you sneer at Spiritualism, you insult my religion, and I think as an American citizen, the Constitution guarantees me the right of religious liberty. My wife and I hold circles in the evenings for communion with our spirit-friends. We do it in reverence and love, and with a prayerful sense of gratitude that the angels should think us worthy of their ministrations; we indulge in no unseemly practices, but when we have set our house in order, we invoke the presence of our loving guides and teachers, that we may be instructed in spiritual knowledge and wisdom, and the best way of attaining to that

state of living here, that will prepare us for the enjoyment of the life hereafter. Is not that your aim also, when you attend church, and receive what you call the 'holy communion' from the hand of your priest?"

"All that sounds very fine, Garton; but what has that got to do with table jiggling, and other antics equally preposterous?"

"Nothing whatever. It would be a waste of words to try to explain what you know you have no desire to understand. Physical phenomena are of the least importance to advanced Spiritualists, who have outgrown their necessity. They have their value to sceptics as the parables of Christ had for the ignorant and unlettered; but to those who believe because they know, they are simply what the shell is to the kernel. But I can tell you in a few words what the principles of Spiritualism teach: The universal Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; that all the wealth in the world will not atone for a lack of charity toward our fellowmen; that to love our neighbor as ourself is the best religion; to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us; to eschew selfishness; to live purely, and nobly; to bear the infirmities of the weak and lift up the fallen, and to sow the seed of immortal truth in the morning, and in the evening withhold not our hand."

Mr. Blote shifted uneasily upon his chair. There was an earnest solemnity in Spencer Garton's voice and mien that shamed him in spite of himself. But he rallied and said:

"Have you any idea, Garton, that the reports now circulating, and with which you are connected will be an injury to the firm?"

"I have not, indeed. I cannot see how my private affairs at home can in any way jeopardize the firm. A man's home is his castle; I presume he can do as he pleases there, so long as it pleases him to do right. You will concede that much, I hope?"

"Come now, Garton, we must not quarrel on Christmas eve; give up this tomfoolery, and say no more about it. I will tell the busy-bodies they are mistaken, and that you are not one of the cranks."

"Indeed, I beg that you will do no such thing. I am not ashamed to say that I am a Spiritualist—I am proud of it; it is my religion, and it teaches me to look to the only true source of spiritual light and knowledge. It brings me hope and comfort

that the world cannot bestow; gives me a daily incentive to nobler action and purer living, and leads me out of the perplexing labyrinths of orthodox uncertainty into the plain paths that will lead to everlasting happiness if I do but follow them. No, sir; I will never forsake my faith, nor turn from the loving guardian spirits whose holy ministrations have made my little home a sanctuary, which the affection of our united hearts has consecrated to them solely," concluded Garton, with enthusiasm.

"Oh, bosh! Garton, why don't you go on the rostrum,—be a — what do you call it?—a medium? You could make more money and get rich. They all make money; it's a good trade," said Blote, tauntingly.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire; and certainly when mediums give their time, strength, and frequently their health, for the benefit and instruction of humanity, it is but just that they should be enabled to supply their physical needs. You are prejudiced, and therefore wilfully blind. 'Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned' St. Paul said, and unless you are spiritually minded, and spiritually hungry for truth, this is a waste of argument," retorted Garton.

"Oh, you quote scripture, do you? The devil can do that, too! Now, how do I know but that the devil is tempting you?"

Spencer Garton advanced to Mr. Blote, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. Then bending his steadfast gaze upon his face, he answered:

"You know it by the still, small voice that is even now whispering to your conscience; you know it by the flush of shame that has reddened your cheek; you know it by the conviction that will not let you meet my eyes; you know it by that unerring instinct that distinguishes between the true and false! Can you deny it?"

Mr. Blote felt very uncomfortable. If this was Spiritualism it was altogether different from his conception of it,—not at all in harmony with the jugglery and buffoonery he had been accustomed to consider it. He was vexed at the discovery, but what was he to do? Garton's words carried conviction with them: he felt there must be some power, not revealed to him, that gave his voice that ringing utterance, his eyes that luminous fire, and his lips the impassioned eloquence of inspiration; but how could he yield? What would the world say; what would Weston say,—above all, what would the firm say?

Laugh at him for a simpleton — which no doubt he was. No, it would never do! And then to have it said in business circles 'Why, old Blote is a little off! He's dabbling Spiritualism! We can't do business with that firm — its head is growing weak, etc! — for Weston was no exception to the general ignorance prevailing — even in this enlightened century — in regard to the fundamental principles of a philosophy that is its own interpreter.

Mr. Blote pulled himself together. He had mentally said it wouldn't do, and he must act accordingly.

"Mr. Garton, your theory is very plausible, no doubt, but you will agree with me that as it is very unpleasant to have our ears constantly assailed with all this nonsense, and to ignore it would make no difference, as the prejudice would still exist so, unless we can come to some understanding for the future, inconsideration of the standing our firm has always maintained, it will be better to part. A reflection upon you is a reflection upon us. We don't want it said that Blote and Co. have gone daft!"

"Mr. Blote," returned Garton, "for seven years I have been your employe. For twice seven years I have been a Spiritualist. Have you ever found me inefficient, unfaithful, or derelict in any duties on that account?"

"No, I must do you the justice to say that you have always done your duty faithfully, and deserved our confidence; but you see it won't do to have this thing talked about. Its bound to injure our business. Come now; say that you will give up your mysterious performances. You can think what you please, believe what you please, but give up the circle business; it's to your interest to do so," and Mr. Blote appeared really anxious.

"Never; I have said it. If you are so unjust as to discharge a faithful, honest clerk, one whom you know has never failed in his duty, because he will not be enslaved, and handicapped in his religious convictions and obligations, be it so;" and lifting his fearless eyes reverently above, concluded: "Oh, wise and loving guardians of my life and happiness; if ever I forsake thee, and thy gentle consorts, may I also be forsaken."

Mr. Blote was tired. He regreted the alternative from interested motives, but he wasn't going to be beaten, and by a crank, too! Garton was surely going mad. If he was such a fool as to sacrifice

a lucrative position for the sake of such drivelling nonsense, then let him. He'd see what the spirits would do for him then! "Very well, Mr. Garton, you may consider yourself discharged from our employ at the end of the year. I am sorry to see you so rash and unreasonable; but time I hope will bring you to your senses. I am sorry to part with you, but if you think more of your intangible friends than your material ones, it is not my fault. I hope they will continue to 'guard' you, and," he added spitefully, "keep the wolf from your door! You will have time enough to settle up affairs before the first of January. Good day."

When Spencer Garton found himself alone, he looked around him in bewilderment. The shock had come upon him so suddenly, that he was totally unprepared to meet it. Had all his faithful services, and devotion to the interests of his employers been for this? Was it possible that they could be so unjust? And did he regret his own action in the matter? No; a thousand times no! "Though he slay me yet will I trust Him," was his mental prayer. The brave fearless spirit might suffer, but there was the consciousness of truth and right to sustain him, and to his spiritual ear came the low, sweet whisper "Fear not.—Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake," and a sweet peace and calm descended upon him, and stilled the turbulent waters of bitterness that overflowed his soul! He would go forth from the place that had known him for seven years, but he would go with clean conscience and renewed trust in his spirit guides.

How changed every thing seemed on his homeward way that evening! Even the ruddy gleam of the lamp light through the curtains had a duller glow. "Poor little wife! Poor little Harpers! Poor perishable air castles that I built this morning!"—he murmured sorrowfully.

Kate was waiting for him. Her quick ear detected the lagging sound of his footsteps, and she flew to meet him. Her keen intuition divined the coming sorrow, but she nerved her woman's heart to meet it. "Not a word, Spencer, until you have had your tea, for you must be cold and hungry: then I will hear all about it," and she laid her soft cheek against his to remind him that one bulwark remained.

"Hear all about what, Katie? How do you know that I have anything to tell?" responded Spencer.

"Tomorrow is Christmas, darling, don't

forget; and if it cannot be a merry, it must be a happy one, for we have each other, you know. Now, here are your slippers, and there is your tea, with the loveliest cake, that I made myself! And last of all hero's me!" and Kate laughed merrily in spite of the presentiment tugging at her heart.

"God bless you, dear wife; what a very present help in trouble you are. Now see how I delight to honor your viands; fit for the gods, I'll warrant."

They took a sort of melancholy pleasure in parrying the blow; he to gain time, and she to gather up her reserve forces, that she might strengthen and encourage him.

Tea ended, Spencer drew his wife to his side, and told her all. Many times her loving heart quailed, but she kept his hand tightly locked in hers, and smiled up in his face. She had taken him for richer or poorer, for better or worse; and what was her love worth, if it could not bridge over the worse and poorer?

"We will not worry, darling there will be a way provided, never fear. It is bad just now when business is so dull everywhere, but you are so well known, and have established such a good reputation for business capacity, that you are sure to succeed elsewhere. If not, why there is my music; I shall give lessons," said Kate.

"Well, don't begin them to night," laughed Spencer, for he had caught the infection of his wife's cheerfulness and felt considerably refreshed by it. "We will not omit our usual invocation to-night and ask our spirit friends to help and encourage us, and if it is best, show us a way out of the perplexity;" to which Kate responded "Amen."

And though a cloud had fallen upon their little home that was destined to grow larger and darker, they slept the calm, peaceful sleep of the just. For charity and forgiveness stood like ministering angels beside their pillow, and brought them refreshing slumber.

(Continued.)

A VETERAN SPIRUALIST.

Mr. Editor: I consider "Light in the West" a progressive paper, and ably edited. I find it advocates progression, equal rights to all, rich and poor. I wish I could get a thousand subscribers for it, but have no time outside of my business. I am an anti-monopoly man—have been well to do, but am now poor from trying to help others. And now at the age of sixty-five I hope to live to see the day when equal rights and justice to all will be meted

out. Politics has become a nuisance. *What we want now is, a people's party, a party for and that will protect the people.*

Ever Yours,
Canandaigua, N. Y.,

F. C. HAWLEY.

RAMPANT NONSENSE.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

I have just been reading in *LIGHT IN THE WEST* an extract from a sermon said to have been preached in St. Louis, if I remember correctly, by Rev. Dr. Sonneschein, and I wish as an individual, and in behalf of all who are in the habit of thinking, to protest against the rampant nonsense of symbolizing eternal life by the comparison of the *indestructibility of matter*. I think I could have read the article and passed it by as akin to the flippant *ipse dixit* of the clergy in general, had it not been for the triumphant style of the preacher, and the quasi indorsement of *LIGHT IN THE WEST*. We are told, that when the drop of water falls upon the ground it will yet in time find its way to the great ocean; and this is a symbol of eternal life!

When the drop fell to the ground it contained two (presumably) simple elements; oxygen and hydrogen. If, now, it came in contact with any element having a greater affinity for oxygen than the hydrogen possessed—then *presto*—and the oxygen has parted from the hydrogen, and each seeking molecular affinity for some other simple element enters into new combination. Thus, in place of our drop of water we may have nitrous oxide (where the nitre has been found) or hydrochloric acid—or whatever chance may have thrown in the way.

Now, let us turn with this happy solace to ourselves. Keeping within the exact, same circuit of observation we find that the human body is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, etc. We may then remember that though we may die—still these elements will persist, and thus broken into thousands of fragments still we too shall live because our elements will still live in other forms! Isn't this a most comforting doctrine? Let us bear in mind that we want to believe that when the cold stark form lies on the bier senseless and dead, that another form, similar to it, but purer and more beautiful, hangs above the bier, just poised to move off into the vast eternity of individual existence. But then here comes that everlasting drop of water before the mind and we say: "just so shall we live and not otherwise."

In short, if the water had an individu

ality the comparison might be valuable, but it has not. Besides, the elements of the drop of water which subsist have their exact cere relatives in the human body; no one ever expressed a doubt of the possibility of the destruction of either. In the writer's boyhood, surrounded by church members, the future life was nearly always compared to the blaze of a candle. These thoughts inflicted upon him just twenty-five years of Materialism.

Respectfully, B. R. ANDERSON.
Concordia, Kansas.

THOUGHT READING.

Boston Evening Transcript: A remarkable and very interesting case of thought reading was given by Mr. Washington Irving Bishop at the Hotel Vendome on Saturday afternoon. Most of the tests took place in the banquet hall of the hotel, and among those who witnessed them were Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, his honor Mayor O'Brine, ex-Mayor Green, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Robert Grant and many others.

The first test was an imaginary assassination. During the absence of Mr. Bishop from the room, in charge of ex-Mayor Green, Rev. Dr. Herford pretended to stab Colonel Higginson with a knife. Dr. Herford exhibited some indecision in hiding the weapon. When Mr. Bishop was brought blindfolded, he was unsuccessful in discovering the article. Dr. Herford admitted that he had not kept his mind closely fixed on the place where the knife was concealed, and Mr. Bishop attributed his failure to that cause. The experiment was repeated, Rev. Dr. Clark and Rev. M. J. Savage attacking Dr. C. C. Everett. When Dr. Green brought Mr. Bishop back to the room the assailants were promptly led to the spot where the knife was concealed under some clothing in an adjoining room. The assault was then repeated almost identically. Tests were then made in the way of writing on a blackbaord the numbers of bank notes in the pockets of several present. The first attempt was unsuccessful, but others were satisfactory. Mr. S. B. Whitney then wrote on a blackboard concealed from the view of Mr. Bishop that he desired to have the tenor song in the prison scene of "Il Trovatore" given, and Mr. Bishop sat down at the pianoforte and played it. The most elaborate and most remarkable experiment was that of finding a pin hidden within a mile of the hotel. The mayor, Mr. Savage and Mr. Green drove by a circuitous route to the house of Dr. Williams on Marlborough street and hid a scarf pin in an open grate among some waste paper. On their return to the hotel, Mr. Bishop being completely blindfolded and then having a heavy black bag fastened over his head, entered the carriage with the other three gentlemen, and without any hesitation seized the reins and drove the horses in about twenty minutes to the neighborhood of the house, a copper wire serving as the only connection between him and the gentlemen who were with him. After leaving the carriage a short distance from the house he passed rapidly up the steps ahead of the gentlemen and found the pin where it was hidden. They then returned to the hotel, and Mr. Savage testified that the experiment was a genuine one, and it had been carried out

with strict fidelity to all the requirements. The efforts of Mr. Bishop appeared to impress the audience very favorably.

HOME COOKING.

At 823 Washington Avenue we have established a restaurant, where we give regular board, meals and lunches of the best, well-cooked food. Also, a principle feature of our establishment is **Hygienic Food**, and the proper preparation of it for all those who desire it. This diet is especially suited to dyspeptics and all invalids, and they are earnestly invited to come and try what we can do for them.

MR. AND MRS. TRUSSEL.

It is with pleasure that we refer to this advertisement of Mr. and Mrs. Trussel, and without hesitation we recommend their table, food and cooking and them to the patronage of all who can appreciate good victuals well cooked and nicely served. The *Hygienic* depm't is recommended by Drs. Susan and Mary Dodd, the celebrated Hygienic physicians of this city. We were acquainted with the family of Mrs. Trussell in Virginia, who stood high in the community and lived well; so that now she is especially fitted to cater to the wants of all who like clean, well-cooked victuals,—especially invalids or those who prefer hygienic diet. Much of Mrs. Trussell's life has been spent in teaching school, and she well deserves the support of intelligent and good people, since she and her husband have embarked in this way to make an honest living.—ED.

INVALID NURSE.

Persons who wish the services of a good nurse are requested to call on or address Mrs. Shober, at 3122 Brantner Place, who has had over five years' experiences, and can give the best references from the city doctors and others.

FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Met Nov. 28th, at 3 o'clock P. M., and after a song by the choir the President called Judge Lee, who came forward and spoke a short time, after which Mrs. Thomas spoke under spirit control, the subject being, "The Human Body the Temple of God." After Mrs. Thomas quite a number gave accounts of the tests which had aided in converting them to Spiritualism. Dr. Clark in his remarks said, that he had foretold the death of Judge Horner, and he would now say that before Christmas a very charitable woman of this city would pass to spirit life, and that before long St. Louis would have a great fire in which nine persons would be injured and

two firemen crushed. A kindly feeling seemed general. E. H. T., Sec'y.

BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

ANOUNCEMENT.

There are a few subscribers yet whose paid up subscriptions will end with this year. All will please remember that our terms are Two DOLLARS per year, if not paid in advance at One Dollar, and that we will not continue the paper beyond the time paid for, even at the two dollars, without an agreement to do so. While many have not responded to our request to renew their own subscription and send in a new subscriber at two dollars for both there were numbers who have not only sent in one, but from one to ten at \$1 each, so that we are encouraged to continue the price as it is for the present; especially as many requests have come in urging us not to raise it, and giving assurance of continued work for us.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Book of Algoonah, a concise account of the history of the early people of North America, known as the Mound Builders. 353 pages, cloth, reduced to \$1 00 or with *LIGHT IN THE WEST* one year \$1 75

Mysteries of the Hand, Revealed and Explained: the art of determining, from an inspection of the hands, the person's temperament, appetites, passions, impulses, aspirations, mental endowments, character and tendencies. (See advertisement.)

Religion of Spiritualism, by Samuel Watson, 423 pages, neatly bound in cloth. A work all Spiritualists should possess. Price, \$1 25

Spiritualism Sustained, by John R. Kelso. The latest clear, logical, complete vindication of Spiritualism published. Cloth, 245 pages price \$1 00

The Four Gospels in One, containing every statement in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in exactly the words of the authorized version. (See advertisement.)

Those wishing any copying done or ornamental card writing of any kind, should address for price of work Mrs. L. N. Camp 2617 Franklin Ave., whom we can recommend as a superior professional penman. (See advertisement.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE, 160 pages, cloth, red edges, published by G. W. McCalla, 813 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. price \$.75

This little work was written by Dr. Michael De Molinos, a priest, and first published at Rome, in 1675, going through twenty editions in six years. Its author advocated silent contemplation and prayer to God in place of the rosary and devotions to saints, images, *et cetera*, and his followers, who were called Quietists, soon became so numerous as to cause a serious decrease in confessors' fees; whereat the Inquisition pronounced it a heresy, and effectually quieted the founder. The book is written with great clearness and sim-

plicity, and fairly sparkles with spiritual truths.

JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES, published by Moses Hull and Co., Des Moines, Ia. Cloth, 167 pages; price.....\$1 00

The many friends of the Rocky Mountain medium will be gratified at the advent of this book, a history of one of the pioneer Spiritualists of the West. The author, John Brown, tells his story in a simple, straight-forward manner, and the work is prefaced with an appropriate introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland. The portrait of the author shows him to be a man of firm character, energetic, persevering and possessing, without, a kindly disposition. Altogether we welcome this work as a chronicle in lasting form of the labors of one who has faithfully worked in the Cause.

SPIRITUALISM SUSTAINED, by John R. Kelso, A. M. Cloth, 245 pages; price.....\$1 00

This work consists of five divisions. Briefly, in Lectures I., (SPIRITUALISM SUSTAINED BY THE BIBLE, and (SPIRITUALISM SUSTAINED BY THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH), it is shown conclusively, that the groundwork of the Scriptures is spiritual phenomena; and that the accepted authorities of the Christian Church, from Jesus of Nazareth to Dr. Adam Clarke have recognized this phenomena, and based their teachings upon it. In Lecture III., (SPIRITUALISM A NECESSITY IN GOD'S GENERAL GOVERNMENT,) it is made evident to all unbiased minds, that without this spiritual power the Christian organization would be powerless,—that the power of the Church today is principally due to the spiritualistic principles embodied in its teachings. Lecture IV., (SPIRITUAL MEDIUMSHIP), considers five phases of mediumistic power. The author omits materialization, and candidly admits that he is only an investigator, and cannot yet give it to the world as an established phase of Spiritualism. Lecture V., (OBJECTIONS TO SPIRITUALISM ANSWERED), we consider the connecting link in the golden chain wrought by this defender of our faith. The author himself seems to have been first orthodox, next materialistic, then firmly spiritual. His style is terse, and his reasoning clear and logical.

MYSTERIES OF THE HAND, by R. A. Campbell, 12mo. 200 pages, 48 illustrations. Cloth; price.....\$1 50

As advertised in another column of this paper this work is worthy of its author, who never writes a book on any subject without giving it thorough investigation, and this very fact makes this volume

worthy of attention. We are not a palmist, yet we have two hands. We are not prepared to say that Palmistry is a science, yet that ignorance on the subject does not warrant us in condemning the book, nor what the writer claims as a science,—much less the man. Mr. Campbell is a man of extraordinary intelligence and ability as a writer. Many of our readers will remember his articles in LIGHT IN THE WEST during the summer. He commences his work amid ancient times and historic researches of antiquity and from the days of the astral palmists, astrologists and alchemists he briefly touches points in the history of his subject down to the present and lets in upon it the light gleaned from his researches in this eve of the nineteenth century. A thorough investigation of that which is set forth in, and a full comprehension of this book, *science or no science*, will make any intelligent person a good judge of human character from an examination of the hands. Many writers would have spread the same matter over three times the space, or six hundred pages. The price may be thought high, but we may rest assured that such a book is also rare.

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From this time on the paper will be printed so as to reach most of our subscribers in the large cities by each Saturday morning mail. Any who do not get their paper regularly will do us a favor by writing us a letter or a postal card at once, stating what is wanted.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

Notices of Society Meetings will be inserted in this column at 25 cents for five lines, or less, each insertion, and for each additional line or part thereof.

ST. LOUIS.

The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Paragon Hall, 215 North Seventh Street, at 3:00 P. M. The public are cordially invited to attend.

A Mediums' Meeting will be held next Sunday evening, at half past seven o'clock, at 107 N. Eighth street.

ILLINOIS.

The Southern Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at Martine's Hall, N. W. Cor. 22nd St. and Indiana Ave., at 1:30 P.M. sharp.

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The plan is a most excellent one, and needs no commendation from any quarter.—Louisville Courier Journal.

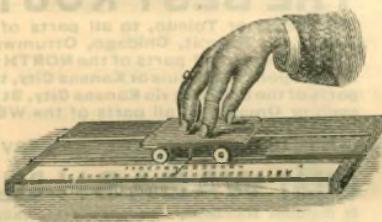
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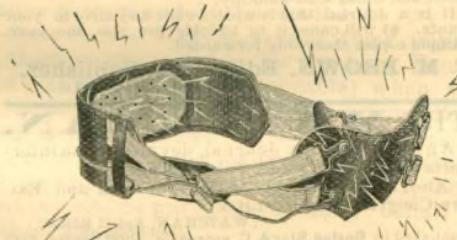
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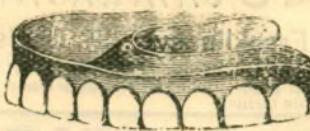
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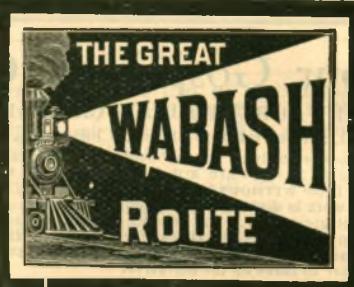
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